



Ballet Slippers



👁 367 ✓ 16 ★ 22

Chapter 1 by Wildstar7

I was strapped on a bed. I tried to scream, but nothing came out of my mouth. Something slithered over my body. I think it was a snake but I couldn't be sure. I tried to look around..... a face stared at me.

Gasping I woke up. Gosh I hate bad dreams. As I walked down to the kitchen my mom was calling my name.

"Ready for dance Jacklyn?" She asked.

Dance.... I love performing in front of people. The lights shimmering against your face. Doing pirouettes across the stage. And most of all..... I love it when Leonardo holds me up in the air.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



Leonardo is none other than my dance instructor for the past four years. A handsome young fellow with a face scarred by years of abuse. I mean, literally, scarred. With knives and stuff. Mysterious, right? I don't mean to reduce him and his life of strife down to a pretty frame, but let's face it, the guy is the stuff of every heterosexual girl's dreams. He should be on the cover of some dime romance novel.

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And before you think I'm just a fan of his appearance, I do genuinely like him. The secrets we share together about his past, well, are just that: secrets. And I'm not going to betray his trust.

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Dance is a fantastic way to not mull over such things, however. Especially things like dreams.

Chapter 3 by Serena



We've both had something horrible happen to us in the past. I don't know much about how he got those horrible, handsome scars. All he told me was that he was in a gang and got into some trouble. Hard to imagine. A ballet dancer in a gang? It was a long time ago. Leonardo is four years older than me. I'm sixteen and he is twenty. I know, I know. Don't get involved with older guys. But Leo is different. He's quiet, mysterious, charming.

Chapter 4 by Breyanna Weekly



"1, 2, 3, 4...." I counted with Leo. "7, 8--"

"Hips tucked! Back straight Jacklyn!"

I sighed and collapsed to the floor. He was in such a terrible mood today! He kept nagging at me for everything! I was done. I was tired of his attitude.

He clinched his jaw and walked over to me. "Jacklyn!" He growled. "I'm not clocking extra hours like this for you to sit on your bum! You asked me to coach you for your audition! Get up!"

....Ugh, as if he was doing me some type of favor. My Dad is paying him! Stupid, gorgeous man.

I pulled myself up on the barre and took a deep breath. I do the movements in my head first, like Leo taught me, but was interrupted by his phone ringing.

"Caio, cosa vuoi....TAKE CARE OF IT!"

His eyes shot up at me and I pretended not to notice. "6, 7, 8..." I mumbled.

Chapter 5 by Emily Szabo



I hated that day of dance, but it was only one day of his moodiness.

(The next day) I have to go to dance again, because dance is the only thing that I really do. I have such a passion for it. I don't know if it will be as helpful as I hoped again.

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"Leo, how are you today?"

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"A lot better than yesterday! I apologize for being so moody."

g positive.

"It's fine really." I could feel myself blushing and I told my cheeks to stop, but I didn't feel a temperature change so I turned away and said, "What are we going to work on today?"

"Posture." My heart skipped a beat. Posture is when he would always hold my shoulders and my waist and work on, well...my posture! I couldn't believe my gorgeous teacher would be up for this today!

I was delighted when we moved on to the posture of your spine, because he always held my waist at this point. "Jacklyn, taller spine! Try to be taller. Literally."

I loved the feel of his hands on my waist.

Suddenly he told me to come to him to his office. I got super excited. "Jacklyn, you're a great student, but I always feel weird when I'm around you, so I think this might help my feelings to become clearer." He leaned over and kissed me.

Chapter 6 by -



At first, I was shocked and very awkward, but I eventually got into the rhythm and so did he. After a while, I broke free, taking a breath. I look at him and he looks down.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that. That was immature..." and so on, but I interrupt him with another kiss and he is the shocked one this time.

"Do you..." Leo starts, but I just look at him in a way that makes him stop short. My heart is beating out of my chest and I think it is going to explode.

"But first, I think we need to finish dancing," I say, giving him a sweet smile. He smiles back, flashing me his ever-so-cute dimples. I lead him out into the gym part of the studio, looking lovingly into his eyes, and him, mine. Everyone in the studio has gone home now except for him and I. I take his hand and get into a dance position. He gently places his soft hands on my waist and we dance like I've never seen us do before. It was filled with passion and sweet little kisses

every time we get a chance.

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I get so exhausted I ask for a break. I pick up my phone and text my parents, saying I'll be staying late. As usual, I get a drink of water, but when I come back, Leo is gone.

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"Loe?" I yell out.

"Sorry! I'm in the bathroom!" I hear him yell from behind the door of the men's room. But that gets me thinking... I take off my shirt and walk up to the men's door. I gently push it open and see the shock on Leo's face. Then he gives me a sly smile and he takes off his shirt too. I step closer to him and he steps closer to me. Then he grabs my waist, pulls me into his warm body and plants a firm kiss on my lips. Our hungry tongues dance around each other's' mouths as he starts pulling down my shorts. Then he moves his mouth down my neck and my heart begins to melt into nothing. I never knew I loved Leo so much.

Chapter 7 by Wildstar7



Until I heard something out the door. It sounded like a..... oh no! Lessons were done already! I can picture it in my head. My mom wondering where we are, looking for us frantically. Opening the door and BOOM! Dead. I am so so dead.

Leo must of heard something in my breathing because he looked at me funny.

"Whats wrong babe?"

Chapter 8 by Emily Szabo



We waited in the men's restroom until my mom left. I hugged Leo as tightly as I could and he kissed me to alleviate my pain and stress. He pulled me tight and slipped his hand around my waist. I felt his warm hands touch my hips. He pulled me even closer and we just stayed that way and talked for hours.

the end

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